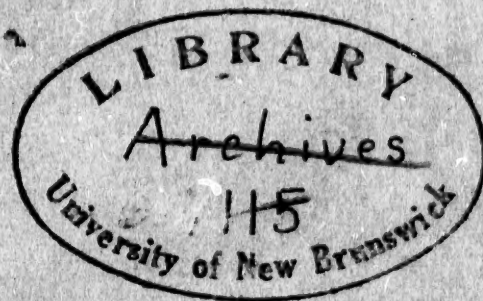


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**POEMS.**

**BY**

**REV. ANDREW DONALD.**

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# POEMS

BY

REV. ANDREW DONALD.

CAMPBELL SETTLEMENT, SUSSEX,

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1876.



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## ERRATUM.

Page 16 th, 6 th line from bottom, for Chaplain read Chaplain's.

R. A.  
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LOOK NOT THOU UPON THE WINE WHEN IT IS RED, WHEN IT  
GIVETH HIS COLOUR IN THE CUP, WHEN IT MOVETH ITSELF ABRIGHT;  
AT THE LAST IT BITETH LIKE A SERPENT AND STINGETH LIKE AN AD-  
DER. (Prov. XXIII:31, 32.)

Look not upon the ruby wine,  
When sparkling in the cup,  
It moves in artful blandishment,  
And stirs your longings up.  
That little cup of harmless looks  
Contains a world of ill;  
With promises of life and joy,  
It may design to kill.  
Beneath a surface fair and bland  
Deep seas of sorrow roll,  
Ingulfing in their ruthless surge  
The body and the soul.  
Do you admire the serpent's coils,  
And colors shining bright,  
His brilliant eye and knowing looks?  
Suppress your fond delight.  
Remember he's man's deadly foe,  
Trust not the accursed thing;  
He has the will, and pow'r to bite:  
The will and pow'r to sting.

So, play not with the social glass,  
 E'en though it pleasure brings :  
 At last it like a serpent bites,  
 And like an adder stings .

Ne'er venture on the first small glass,  
 Lest you should tarry long,  
 Or restless move in eager search  
 Of something still more strong .

Be wise in time : look out ahead :

For breakers may be seen ;  
 The wreck of conscience, health and wealth ;  
 Sin, death, and woe I ween ;

Join not yon thoughtless drinking band,  
 Though lured by mirth and glee ;  
 The jovial song, the salient jest, —  
 The witty repartee .

Soon coarser jests and babbling come,  
 The scornful look, and sneer ;  
 The ribald song, and shocking oaths  
 Of blasphemy you hear .

Here too contention, strife and blows  
 In wily ambush lie,  
 To stain the hour of boist'rous mirth  
 With blood and cruelty .

See now th' obedient creaking door  
 Upon its hinges turn,  
 As sally forth a reckless crew,  
 Whose blood with lust doth burn ;

To seek some place of evil fame,  
 Where hireling wantons dwell,  
 Whose ways are ways of sin and shame, —  
 Their house — the gate of Hell.

Screen drop, in pity hide from view  
 The vileness of the place,  
 Where womanhood and manhood too,  
 Are sunk in foul disgrace.

Enough we know, if timely warned,  
 We shun such dens of shame;  
 And dally not with artful wiles  
 To deeds we will not name.

The road to death's a downhill road;  
 'Tis broad: the gate is wide:  
 It suits the taste of fallen man:  
 Seek Christ, in Him abide.

Yon pleasure-seeking godless crew  
 Night after night repeat  
 Potations and debaucheries,  
 More deep, and yet more deep.

Now and again regrets arise,  
 And urgings to refrain:  
 But just as oft's the purpose formed,  
 "I'll seek it yet again."

Ah! where are now all those who trod  
 Some fifteen years ago  
 The road of drunken revelry,  
 Wherein still thousands go?



'T would be a task long, hard, and sad,  
 To tell how each has sped;  
 The when and how of changes wrought;  
 Who live, and who are dead.

We fondly trust that some have turned  
 From evil ways to God:  
 Yet, Ah! we fear, but very few  
 Have left the downward road.

Some died by fatal accident  
 Incurred by drunken 'spree';  
 By slow disease or hasty, some;  
 Some on the gallows-tree.

Some raging mad to Bedlam went;  
 And some to jail were sent;  
 And some to Penitentiary,  
 Who never will repent.

Some on their wretched life have laid  
 A suicidal hand;  
 And sent their spirits unprepared,  
 Before the Judge to stand.

How sad to think of thousands gone,  
 For evermore to dwell,  
 Where devils rage, and damned howl;—  
 Gone to the drunkard's hell!

A few there are who yet survive;  
 As if it were to shew,  
 That God will surely punish sin;  
 Though He to wrath is slow.

With palsied hands, and bloodshot eyes,  
 A visage marred by sin  
 They stagger round in filthy rags, —  
 More filthy still within.

Delirium Tremens seizes now, —  
 A cup of trembling's sent,  
 To shake the nerveless shattered frame,  
 In guilty pleasures spent.

How woful is the drunkard's case !  
 How obstinate his will !  
 He feels his wretchedness,  
 Yet clings to his Destroyer still.

Lo ! o'er the burning lake he sleeps  
 On yard of rotten mast !  
 Whilst black'ning clouds and storm proclaim,  
 "His day of grace is past".

O ! look not on the ruby wine ;  
 Suppress each fond desire,  
 Avoid its miseries in time ;  
 Flee from eternal fire.

To Jesus come, to Jesus cling ;  
 And prove how kind His love,  
 Who saves from sin and sorrow here,  
 Gives endless peace above.

—REJOICING IN CHRIST JESUS— ( Philip. 111:3. )

THIS world is a wilderness darksome and lone  
To those who astray from its Maker have gone,  
And seek in the creature that happiness stor'd,  
Which JEHOVAH Himself alone can afford :

Its beauties are fading, its pleasures soon sting,  
Its laurels soon wither, its riches take wing,  
Our laughter is madness, in mirth we are sad,  
If in Him who made a<sup>ll</sup> things our heart is not glad.

And unless as a saviour JEHOVAH is seen,  
There is flame in His eye— there is wrath in his mien,  
Our guilt weighs us down with its mountainous load,  
And we struggle to flee from an angry God.

When to Sinai's dread summit we lift up our eyes, —  
To the place once the throne of the King in the skies,  
Where He sat in His Majesty awfully grand,  
And a fiery law issued forth from His hand ;

His pavillion thick darkness with curling smoke fring'd,  
Its emblazonry red flame with lurid blue ting'd,  
His messengers Lightenings and Thunderbolts dire,  
With flaming darts redhot from Justice's fire ;

The dark clouds, His chariots ranged thick round His tent,  
Echoing far the loud thunders His voice forth hath sent ;  
So terrible grandeur our sight cannot bear,  
And the threats of His law waken dread and despair.

1:3.)

It is true, from his Majesty's awful abode  
He proclaims in soft accents, "Thy Saviour, thy God:"  
But these accents of mercy we scarcely can hear,  
Or they fall unbelieved on our guilt-stunned ear;

A voice from within says, 'Tis just that you die;  
'It is just' is the rattling Thunder's reply;  
Overpow'r'd by the sights, and appalled by the noise,  
We tremble; but dare not, and cannot rejoice.

But the mountains of Guilt tumble down to the ocean,  
And the dark waves of terror roll back in commotion,  
All the shadows of Night flee away in dismay,  
When the bright Sun of Righteousness ushers in day:

There is light in the eye, there is peace in the breast,  
There is life in the step, and in slumber sweet rest;  
There is bidding farewell to sadness and tears,  
And there is rejoicing when Jesus appears.

We now look on Sinai, for calmly we can,  
'Tis enclosed by the Rainbow's magnificent span  
God's token of mercy, salvation, and truth,  
Through all ages still fresh in the beauties of youth.

See now heaven opened, behold on its throne  
The Lamb who was slain for our sins to atone;  
Can we doubt the glad truth with its evidence full  
In the scars on His neck and the blood on His wool,  
And the sweet thrilling tones of His far-sounding voice  
That invitingly calls on our soul to rejoice?

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## ADDRESS TO B——— LODGE OF B. TEMPLARS.

DEAR sisters, and brothers, we wish you success

In the cause ye have nobly embarked;

Be united, and steadfast, and onward still press:

May your track be with victory marked.

We have chosen to walk in the glorious way

Of faith, and of hope, and of love;

Let us guard ev'ry step, lest we wander astray,

And miss the bright mansions above.

We are specially plighted to fight to the last

'Gainst Intemp'rance in every form:

Then be true to your pledge; and remember the past,

As a beacon to guide through each storm.

Be assured that the Monster we seek to destroy,

Is an enemy wily, and strong,

And a foe most unfriendly to peace, and to joy.

May his ruin be perfect ere long.

He his thousands has slain, and will slay thousands more.

He now is what he always has been,

A bloodthirsty tyrant, delighting in gore,

A monster of horrible mien.

Then gird on your armor, be ready for work;

Be watchful, courageous, and brave,

Frequent not the dens where your enemies lurk,

If it be not their captives to save.

Watch the enemy's movements, admit not of truce:

Of the future we learn from the past.

And from what we have seen we may fairly deduce,

That faithless he'll be to the last.

Let the object you aim at be total defeat

Of the powers that man's nature inthrall;

That the Tyrant Intemperance be hurled from his seat,

And freedom the glory of all.

Press hopefully on, when to battlefield called,

Our cause is one noble, and just:

Then why should we hesitate, sad, and appalled?

In the Lord God of hosts we should trust.

Let the banner you wave be of unfading blue,

Your armor, the armor of light,

To our Glorious Leader be faithful, and true,

And ye shall be strong in His might.

Let love be the principle urging you on,

A concern for men's safety, and weal;

That the millions who live, and that millions unborn,

May the value of temperance feel.

Let hope be your helmet, let faith be your shield;

And let truth be the girdle you wear;

Let the pure word of God be the sword that you wield.

Your artillery — unceasing pray'r.

And be firm in your ranks, an unfaltering band;

Let nothing from action restrain;

Till this Demon of Death is expelled from our land;

And Faith, Hope, and Charity reign

- 1 FRIENDS of Temp'rance, wake from slumber ;  
We have slept too long :  
Lo ! the foe is pressing on us  
Numerous and strong .

## CHORUS .

Hold the ground we've gained already ;  
Onward still advance :  
Right must conquer, Heaven helping ;  
Nothing's left to chance .

- 2 Let your aims be pure and noble ;  
Pray for aid divine ;  
Use the means which God approveth ;  
Trust and work combine .

- 3 Armed stand up, alert and watchful ;  
Aye defend the right ;  
Seek from Him who's all-sufficient  
Courage, skill and might .

- 4 Raise aloft the Temp'rance standard ;  
Reinforcements call  
From the lofty, and the lowly ;  
There is work for all .

- 5 Fight, to free degraded drunkards,  
Slaves to Alcohol,  
Giving light, emancipation,  
Peace, and self-control .

he Fort.

mber;

- 6 Fight, to save from degradation,  
 Misery and crime  
 Youths, as yet by rum uninjured,  
 Still in vigor's prime.

#### HEARTH AND HOME.

HAIL hearth and home! my joy and pride,  
 My light and life, whate'er betide;  
 My home and hearth I'll ever love,—  
 Sweet emblem of my home above.

Here summer wears its blandest smile,  
 And warblers chant in highest style,  
 Here zephyrs waft the sweetest balm  
 And storm's undreaded as a calm.

Should wealth and honors ever raise  
 Me 'bove the crowd in coming days,  
 O may I ne'er for pleasure roam,  
 But seek love, peace and joy at home.

Should poverty e'er be my lot,  
 My name despised, or quite forgot;  
 Then may my home be dearer still,  
 Content and hope my bosom fill.

#### ADDRESS TO DEALERS IN INTOXICATING LIQUORS.

How we earnestly long a few words to address  
 To the men who have chosen for their occupation  
 The detestable work, ( we can say nothing less, )  
 By vile spirits to bar men from life and salvation.



Why engage in this traffic? Can it be because  
 On the thing you have closely and gravely reflected,  
 And conclude that the business accords with God's laws,  
 And is one that deserves to be highly respected?

Now say, can it be that JEHOVAH to please,  
 And His creatures to profit, is your great concernment?  
 Is it not your grand aim, to make money with ease?  
 And in this you may think you have excellent discernment.

But whose is the silver, and whose is the gold,  
 That you wile from your neighbors in wicked seduction!  
 Giving nought in return, (it is right you be told,)  
 But to hasten them on in the road to destruction?

Can the Sovereign Ruler be pleased with your deeds?  
 Say can He behold them and smile approbation,  
 As day after day you are sowing the seeds,  
 That will grow to a harvest of woe and damnation?

Can the money you pocket do any real good  
 To yourself, or your wife, or your son, or your daughter?  
 Nay, should it not rather be well understood,  
 That it fattens you up like an ox for the slaughter?

Can you kneel in the morning and pray for success  
 In the work which that day is to be your employment,—  
 That customers many and rich may express  
 Their desire in your bar-room to seek for enjoyment?

What meaneth this pray'r? just allow me to tell;  
 That the rich become poor and the poor become poorer;  
 That men may advance on their journey to hell,  
 And their final damnation be sealed to them surer;

That parents may mourn, and that children may want;  
 That wives may be widowed, or worsely afflicted;  
 In the hearts of the good deep distress to implant,  
 To delighters in evil — give joy unrestricted.

You're not given to pray'r; I know you are not:  
 But supposing you were, and did venture to offer  
 Such a prayer as this; 'twere the pray'r of a sot,  
 Or the pray'r of a heartless and impious scoffer.

Can the God of all grace, and of all consolation  
 Be pleased with the traffic of dealers in rum?  
 Can He who is love, and the God of salvation  
 Delight in the misery certain to come?

Can the only wise God — the Father of lights  
 Patronize the deception your business involveth?  
 Can He who is just, and loves equal rights  
 Approve of th' injustice it plainly resolveth?

'Tis our prayer to God, our entreaty to you,  
 That this matter you calmly and wisely consider,  
 And shew yourselves manly, courageous and true  
 By abandoning the traffic just now, and forever.

Yet although all our pleadings prevail not on you  
 Yea, although they should tend your vile ardor to heighten,  
 We desert not our cause; for our banner is blue,  
 And our glorious Leader is stronger than Satan.

Though now you may madly refuse to desist  
 From this base occupation of villains, and liars;  
 When the world becomes wise, then you cannot persist;  
 For there cannot be sellers, unless there are buyers.

Or supposing there be but a partial reform,  
 And wisdom appear not in full exhibition;  
 We may break down your citadels boldly by storm,  
 And compel by the arm of a stern prohibition.

Our language to you may seem boastful and hard, —  
 Shewing nought that is humble or kindly in feeling;  
 But a strong inclination your work to retard,  
 And to bring you to shame, and to ruin revealing.

Fellow sinners, believe me, we weep and we mourn  
 O'er the horrible pit into which you are fallen,  
 With conscience asleep, and no answer but scorn  
 To the friends who beseech you the strong One to call on.

How do rivers of water run down from our eyes,  
 When we think on your woful and sad situation,  
 And hear the deep groans, and the piteous sighs  
 Of the scores you have sunk into sore tribulation

Flee to Jesus for refuge; in Him put your trust;  
 Come weary, and burdened with sin to His footstool;  
 In Him seek for light, and deliv'rance from lust;  
 Then you'll find it is easy to yield to our counsel.

DOLLY VARDEN.

BEING the Chaplain address to the sisters of B — Lodge of British Templars, on the occasion of their sending one of their number with the above appellation, as their delegate to 'treat' the Lodge in a manner consistent with their principles.

We thank you sisters one and all  
 For all your kind attention,

In matters great, and matters small;

And chiefly we would mention

The care and kindness now expressed

In sending Dolly Varden

To soften, warm and cheer our breast,

Too apt to chill and harden.

Of all the sprightly nymphs we spy

In village, field or garden,

There's scarcely any one can vie

With lovely Dolly Varden.

I need not now attempt to paint

Her person and her actions:

My colors are too weak and faint

For all her grand attractions,

Her rosy cheeks in dimpling smiles,

Her teeth of shining whiteness

And all her charming artless wiles

In eyes of sparkling brightness:—

Her graceful movements make us glad,

And eke her flowing tresses,

In modesty and meekness clad,

She 'sports' the finest dresses.

'Tis often said, they're good who give,

And more than that they're pretty:

So it is thought, as I believe,

In country, town and city.—

They handsome are, because they're good,

And give for the same reason,



'Tis goodness, be it understood,  
Makes gifts, and beauty please one.

I slide into a graver mood,  
A mood your Chaplain better suiting:  
And will a word of counsel give  
Without the dread of scorn, or hooting.

Remember woman is a pow'r,  
A mighty pow'r for good, or evil:  
To lead men in the way of life  
Or urge them onward to the Devil.

Exert your influence aright;  
And to encourage you to mind this,  
In doing good and shunning ill  
Be sure that you will always find bliss.

That man is weak without your help,  
May be pronounced a thing that's certain;  
Then how much more, if what you do  
Availeth only to pervert him?

What can man do, or what essay,  
If his best rib be cracked and broken?  
But if it's sound, we clearly have  
Of coming good a cheering token.

#### THE HOOSE HEATIN'.

We drink nae healths in thae braw days,  
Whan Temp'rance bears the sway:  
Lang be she spared to live an' reign,  
An' keep misrule away.

We need nae rum, nor whiskey punch,  
 Nae gin, nor brandy strong,  
 To tune the chords of harmony,  
 An' wake the Muses' song.

We dinna need the flowin' bowl.  
 Nor circlin' glasses clear,  
 To warm the heart o' frien'ship leal,  
 An' propagate guid cheer.

Then Bacchus pouch yer palsied haun;  
 Yer help's no sought ava,  
 To ope the stores o' love an' wit,  
 An' drive dull care awa.

We drink nae healths, propose nae toasts;  
 Sic things we evil ca';  
 Yet we ha' wishes warm and leal:  
 Come join me yin an' a'.

We wish a blissin' on this hoose;  
 For this we'll daily pray;  
 We wish a watchfu' Providence  
 To guard us nicht an' day.

We wish the biggers health an' joy,  
 Prosperity an' a':  
 We wish ilk chiel' a couthy wife,  
 An' rowth o' bairnies brow.

An' last no least, my trusty frien's  
 Wha grace the ingle side,  
 We wish you a' the guid ye seek,  
 An' muckle mair beside.

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS, — Dec. 22<sup>nd</sup> 1876.

Threescore and ten years now have fled,  
Since it was to the parents said,

A son is born;  
That son the writer of these lines,  
Whose manhood's vigor fast declines —  
Time-worn.

I claim old Scotland as the place,  
Where I commenced my earthly race  
'Mid winter's cold;  
Just at the time when scantest light  
Makes shortest day, and longest night,  
I'm told.

A few short years at most, then I,  
Like other men, must shortly die;  
The time is near:  
Prepare my spirit, Lord, to rise  
To blissful seats above the skies —  
Sans fear.

And whilst on earth I live, let me  
Ne'er cease to work to honor Thee,  
And bless mankind;  
And when of mortal life bereft,  
Still speak for good by light I've left —  
Behind.

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